Every Week

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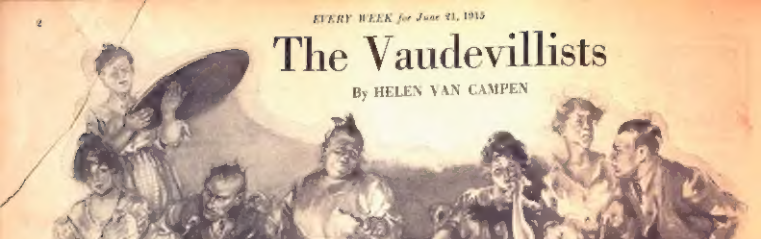
Two In A Tent — *By Holworthy Hall*

The Vaudevillists

By HELEN VAN CAMPEN



DINNER is in progress at the Maison De Shine, West 52d street, New York.

THE LANDLADY: Make out you don't notice the Lafferty's are settin'apart, Imogen. They've split again, alack!

THE SLAVEY: Putatius. Miz' Lafferty? They're fresh b'lied.

LORENA LAFFERTY (of the Lafferty's' Society Iron-law set): Oh, I don't care what I have, Imogen! I wish I was dead!

SAM LAFFERTY: If she used any how sense, she'd be all right; but that's the way in the show business—a guy's always been screwed.

PANSY XYLOPHONE (of the Musical Xylophones): I think table arguments are terribly bad taste. People should remember where they are.

HENRY XYLOPHONE: Dried pear pie again? I thought this was a cake night.

THE SLAVEY: But we got Bostin'island for next Sunday. Stewed corn or peas?

LORENA LAFFERTY: No tea, Imogen; I'm tremblin' too much to hold the cup. And Pansy's not to playin' Broadway this week, an' he was sorrin' over to watch our new turn—now I gotta tell him my husband is fallen.

THE LANDLADY: Well, I never knowed real rebs' till me an' De Shine called, Lorena,—an' the truth is professionals are better breed. The lifer too reybi.'

SAM LAFFERTY: If she wouldn't go makin' every dame on the same bill for advice, we'd be like two happy kids. I give my word I don't know who the party in the stage box was, an' my reward was insultin' than Chinese spuds.

BIDDALINE BERESFORD (the Southern Songbird): If you mean me, I seen the lady from the peephole, and when your act was on she never took her eyes from you.

THE LANDLADY: They don't do it if they sin't encouraged; but never mind, deary. You done your duty to him, an' if you must part, simply forget it.

THE PROPERTY MAN: Aw, leave 'em alone, can't you? Sam's one of the most forbearin' performers ever played our showshop. I've seen him shiftin' his own scenery, an' tippin' the boys just the same.

SAM LAFFERTY: Listen, girly! Eat sumpin', or you'll be faintin' in the big frick tonight. Can't we go up to the room an' discuss this thing quiet?

LORENA LAFFERTY: No! An' people whom hearts are feelin' can't eat. Mr. Lafferty; though here an' now I tell you I that I'm through workin' with you in that turn. When blonde parties in blue in stage boxes enter my life I quit!

SAM LAFFERTY: Listen! I say she's a complete stranger to me. She was bein' out, admirin' a clever dumb act, that's all. Did I ever annoyce a mash note yet? Why don't you be honest? You know I never. If was you only—

BIDDALINE BERESFORD: Don't give in, dear. They're all alike.

THE PROPERTY MAN: Wal, my idear is that women got too many lady pals ettyeditin' their business. They'd make up if they was left in peace.

LORENA LAFFERTY: No, Imogen, no! I'm too *feverish* for tea. Will you deny informin' me blue made me look sallow, an' after you was at the peephole? I said pale blue was nice, wasn't it, an' you made a remark like me an' said swell?

SAM LAFFERTY: I agreed 'cause I thought you was jumpy again, deary. You're always askin' questions, an' if I don't reply carefully, you'll ask the same thing right over.

THE LANDLADY: Imogen, *pass* them cakes more rapid. My stars, on even a week pantry can't be gave *ad lib*, which the thinkin' mind oughta realize it!

THE PROPERTY MAN: I c'n 'um absentminded; for I was reflectin'.

MRS. BRACKETT: And at this end we can't get anything.

THE LANDLADY: Lorena, try just one cake, dollie?

LORENA LAFFERTY: I'm tremblin' too much to hold it, an'—he—he—the Dickens set is his, an' I'll takes the big universe while he takes the trunk, an' pans gave *the* the electric toaster— I'm goin' tonight, an' the better look out if he meets me, I'll say anything.

CHARLIE FOGARTY (the German comic): These partings are awful. I remember how I felt. I had to cancel half a week, I was that broke up. I left town. What was you tellin' us about scein' things when you don't, Pansy?

PANSY XYLOPHONE: It would have been a hypnogogic illusion if there was no woman in blue in the box, you see.

CHARLIE FOGARTY: I got you. Lorena, a medium would show you it was your subliminal self seen that blonde. You thought she was, but nay! Now why not be friends?

BIDDALINE BERESFORD: Don't you do it; you'll draw as much salary as a single. I'll headlinin' on the big time, an' if I had a partner he'd keep me busy.

PANSY XYLOPHONE: It was grabbing most of Bessie Murphy's material that got for you, Birdy. My! it seems like yesterday when we were passing in the dooper, and saw you rubbing a wagon shine, headed for Red Bud, Iowa, where you played in a tent.

BIDDALINE BERESFORD: An' last year I had the London time; although you gave parties to Eddie Banks of the Syndicate Bookin' Office, an' you're still doin' the shows a day, ain't you?

MLLE. MARIONY: She had to get on her knees to agents, and take oath not to tell about her spot on the bill or she wouldn't been booked at all.

PANSY XYLOPHONE: I seem you both. Also if the Xylophones would descend to hiring press work done they'd got London, but our notices are real, and Henry can hand you what the Duluth Bazoo said,—that my cornet work was compelling to its artistic appeal!

HENRY XYLOPHONE: I must a left it in my other suit.

BIDDALINE BERESFORD: Appeal! Her playin' is absolutely metallic an' forced.

THE LANDLADY: Girls, cease immejiat! It's just one argument after another, an' lookit poor Lorena subsidin'! My grief! what devils men be!

LORENA LAFFERTY: I washed an' dyed our tights after every performance, an' gave up hatin' new hats, so we could have a home on Long Island! Now all is o'er.

CHARLIE FOGARTY: Start fresh, Kid. It's no lonesomer after you split.

THE PROPERTY MAN: Sure, they must stick together. I'm fellers could tell you what a fine guy Sam is, little one. Make up wit' him.

PANSY XYLOPHONE: My advice is for her to merely forget him and rehearse a new turn. You needn't sneer at me, Miss Beresford; and I may be metallic, but I was the musical sensation of James' Harlem last week, and we were moved from second position to closing at Olsen, holding the audience by the sheer force of our personality, and Henry had a terrific cold.

THE SLAVEY: How would you regard some toast?

LORENA LAFFERTY: Imogen, I thank you, but I can't. Oh, when I think how I wore two-bit fade stockin's to save! an' for why?

THE LANDLADY: I've said the child bayin' three-dollar silk for Sam, too.

LORENA LAFFERTY: He needed 'em for a frock. Imogen, all our fellow performers unless they look like money.

THE LANDLADY: Vaudeville warps the best of 'em, dearie, dollie, an' you made a god out a him, which they can't stand too much pettin'. Don't I know?

CHARLIE FOGARTY: You're wrong there, Miz' De Shine; for the men are just lookin' for a few kind words. No sensible geek wants to stick around wid a bunch of frowsy dames lyin' in his own little joint. I never stayed out.

MRS. BRACKETT: Life! I am appalling thing! Pass the jell—this cake is so dry.

THE LANDLADY: Brefin' as always, I note, Gertie; which why don't you go elsewhere instead of havin' my best room at a cut rate?

MR. BRACKETT: She's only kiddin'—she's the best hearted girl alive. Did you hear Pedro the Juggler was cut ten minutes when he opened in Flatbush? The White Rats may take it up. Of course I can't, at that.

THE PROPERTY MAN: They ought to be cut.

CAROL XYLOPHONE: Performers can buy material, and then waste it, I presume? Although if people refuse to buy Mr. Johnson's brand of cold cream and grease paint, he has no use for them; and to his face I say it clogs, while Henry was positively sick then from the lily of the valley scent in it.

MLLE. MARIONY: His cream is grand!

PANSY XYLOPHONE: Of course, as you play his house next week!

THE LANDLADY: Girls, are you enmeneh'? Imogen, did Lorena mistake She's cryin' sumpin' fierce, poor lamb!

SAM LAFFERTY: How, can I square some way? I'll swear she was nothin to me!

(The door-bell rings, and the curtain rises from a sudden draft.)

A VOICE: Sam an' Lorena still a cuppel, Imogen? Tell Lorena it's Pop.

LORENA LAFFERTY: Papa! Oh, *papa*—let me get *by*!

ANOTHER VOICE: Mercy, I'm nervous! But then the children both saw me; they were steppin' at the box the whole of the turn today. Still—stagestruck, Edwin! I'm scared!

THE SLAVEY: Her father's married Madam Zaza, the bareback rider!

MADAME ZAZA: Samuel and Lorena will you kiss your new mommy! And you got the sweetest act! Did you hear me when I leaned out of the box and clapped!

LORENA LAFFERTY: It's—the—lim—lady! Oh, *Sammy*!

THE LANDLADY: Gee! I feel like weepin' myself!

THE LANDLADY: All kin'y folk the bridal pair to the first floor rehearsal room where coffee an' such will be served with best wishes for long life; though pers'nally I gotta lay down, for the scenes we go start me palpitatin'. Imogen, don't breathe when passin' my door an' don't you call me unless a headliner wants to book!

"You got the sweetest act! Did you hear me when I leaned out of the box and clapped!"

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My Breakfast with Sarah Bernhardt

By ARTHUR ROW

I HAD heard much of those famous breakfast parties of Madame Bernhardt. Friends of mine had been distinguished by an invitation to them, and now I myself was to have an opportunity to discover their peculiar charm and fascination.

Breakfast with Sarah Bernhardt is much more than a meal: it is an institution, an event covering two hours or more.

Beginning late,—for, in common with all stage folk, she dedicates the early morning hours to rest,—it lasts sometimes till almost noon. In a room banked so deep with flowers that the walls are almost hidden, the most wonderful woman of the stage cheers her mind and renews her energies, drawing deep upon the sympathetic understanding and appreciation of her close friends.

Her Dependence on the Public

OF all artists in the world no other is so dependent upon what we call "response" as Sarah Bernhardt. Without it she would be unable to go on. I do not mean to imply any silly vanity or false pride. No; I mean the assurance from the audience that she has been heard, sympathized with. And the evidence of response that pleases her most is a bunch of flowers.

As we passed into the breakfast room two shabbily dressed women stood waiting at her door, each clutching a tiny bouquet, each face illuminated with the fervor of a devotee at the shrine. And the smile with which Bernhardt received them paid for all their pilgrimage. It helped us to understand why she is called, not "Sarah of the divine voice," but "Sarah of the divine heart."

She Likes People Who "Do Things"

THERE must be no "wasters" at her breakfast parties, no mere idlers, no gilded favorites of fortune. Her joy is in men and women who do things, and it is they who are favored with her companionship. Perhaps it is just as well that she limits her invitation in the strong; for breakfast with her is no mere diversion. Her vitality makes all those about her stand on their mental tiptoes to keep up. She rushes from subject to subject with the unquenchable energy of a dynamo.

Her Biggest Single Motive

"WHAT single motive has been most vital in your life?" I asked her. "Ambition, or enthusiasm, or art, or love?"

She hesitated only a moment, and then answered decisively, "Maurice, my son. It is he for whom I have worked; he has been the inspiration that has never failed."

I remembered then how a friend who had visited her in the hospital after a severe operation remarked that the only "unnecessary" thing in the room was a tiny baby's coat hung at the foot of the bed. It was the coat her boy had worn in his babyhood.

One Day of Her Life

FOR us the breakfast passed all too quickly, and yet we separated, I think, with the feeling of being almost used up, so intensely had she whirled our minds about among a world of subjects. But there was no suggestion of weariness in her; indeed, there could not be, for think of the day that lay before her! The previous morning she had breakfasted early, in order to give a concert to the prisoners at the State penitentiary. In the afternoon and evening had come her regular performances. After the matinée she attended a reception, and following the evening performance there was a dinner at which she entertained a number of guests.

Days like that demand almost superhuman vitality—and Bernhardt, even at seventy and more, brings to every new day all the wonderful vigor and freshness, and the almost childish happiness and expectation, of a girl of eighteen.

Fifty Dollars Down and No Questions Asked

MARY BOYLE O'REILLY is the person who took the baby out of the expression "baby farm." A few years ago, a girl dying of consumption in Boston sent for her and begged her to find an illegitimate child that had mysteriously disappeared from the baby farm at which she had left it. The girl said no woman in charge refused to tell where it was or anything about it.

The baby farm woman had disappeared from the address the girl gave. Miss O'Reilly, hoping for a clue, placed an advertisement in a Boston newspaper, offering fifty dollars to any one who would take a baby off her hands. She received twenty-six replies.

In her investigation she posed as a woman anxious to place a baby for a friend. This is her story of the first baby farm she came to:

"The house was a five-room cottage, isolated and desolate. The slatternly woman in charge said that if fifty dollars were paid there would be no questions asked, and if the Lord took the baby she wouldn't trouble me one." I asked to see 'wouldn't trouble no one." I asked to see the babies. "Oh, that ain't never allowed," she said. I insisted that I wouldn't be satisfied with that. "Oh, you'll come back fast enough," she said.

"She was right. I went back—with the police. We found a seventeen-year-old boy who was a feeble-minded degenerate in a room with three little girls. We found five babies, sodden with opium and brandy, in dirty cribs. A doctor pronounced four to be dying."

At another baby farm, the proprietor said she was "taking care of the little cherubs until God called them." Cemetery records showed a death a week from this place.

It was due to this investigation that New Hampshire, where the worst cases were found, passed a law putting an end to such farms, and child experts of the whole country became interested in the need of protecting these unwelcome little strangers.

It was Mary Boyle O'Reilly who began the great movement to take orphaned and neglected children out of Homes with a big "H" and place them in private homes, at State expense. The first experiment was made by closing a Home where there had been three hundred children. Within the first year the death rate fell fifty per cent.; skin diseases among the children were eliminated; the expenses were no greater.

There is a successful young high school teacher living in an Eastern city. Her father kicked her mother to death in a drunken fit. As a child, she was placed in a good home instead of in a Home. Eventually she went to college. Imagine the difference that was made in that life because the State placed her in a real home.

At present Miss O'Reilly is in Poland, organizing relief work in the wake of the contending armies. Not long since she was in London, starting rest tea-rooms for the women of the lower classes who, "on account of the war," were by way of drowning their sorrows in stronger drink. Just before that she was in Belgium, where the King himself decorated her in gratitude for her relief work in the early part of the winter.

In Boston there is a statue of John Boyle O'Reilly, Irish patriot and poet. There is also a club, composed of some of the most prominent men in the city, which bears his name. You will find his works in the public library. He enriched the community in which he lived for many years; and not the least of his gifts to it is the woman to whom he passed on in so full a measure his fiery ardor and passionate idealism—his daughter, Mary Boyle O'Reilly.

This is May Wilson Preston drawing a cowboy two thousand miles away from the cowboy country.

She Would Like to Reform Editors

MAY WILSON PRESTON is an illustrator with a sound, trig, upstanding philosophy about her craft.

"An illustration," she says, "should illustrate, and it should do nothing else. It should sharpen and heighten the point of the story. It should by no means be able to stand alone. When I hear that some illustrator has sold his original for a fabulous sum something tells me that, while it may have been a good picture, even a work of art, it was not an illustration.

The American Public Wants Humor

"All of this pernicious Pretty Girl vogue which has been devastating honest illustration inside and out of books and magazines is of course the aftermath of the really lovely types that Gibson created fifteen years or so ago. But I do not believe that the head of the tired traveling salesman, for whom, apparently, most editors buy their covers, moves instinctively toward the silliest pretty girl on a newsrack. I think that what he wants most is something doing. While of course he wants to be pleased, he also wants to be distracted, interested, amused. He wants something with a punch in it, 'pep'; in other words, an idea.

"But what the American public wants most of all in illustrating, as in everything else, is humor. And I believe that it is capable of appreciating a far higher quality of humor than it is given credit for.

"Of course the public will always laugh at slapsticks and drunken men. It will always howl with joy when the chair is pulled out from under the innocent fat man just as he sits down; but, on the other hand, watch how the really fine superhumor of the lion in Shaw's 'Androcles' gets across, or see how joyously a very 'average' audience gets Beatrice Herford's humor, which is the most gentle, delicious, subtle brand of funniness anywhere about to-day.

"While I by no means believe that women have a better sense of humor than men, it happens that just now women are contributing much to the fun in art—and, at that, there is precious little of it these days. We need a renaissance of humor of the Gilbert and Sullivan kind, the Lewis Carroll kind. Where are the humorists whose every line is funny, as John Leech's was, and Charles Keene's?

"Women like F. W. Cory, Ethel Plummer, Helen Dryden, and Rose O'Neill have real humor. Mary Heaton Vorse would have contributed to humor in illustration if she had not turned from painting to writing.

"There must be more people that have it, if only editors will let them give their fancy free rein, and the public will voice the demand which I know it feels."

All of which very sound talk is doubly interesting; for Mrs. Preston's illustrations are one of the rib-tickling joys of magazine editors and readers to-day.

No Other Woman Does This

PROBABLY the only woman in the United States engaged in the ostrich industry is Mrs. William Tracy, who now is the proud owner of a troop of ninety-three birds, kept on an alfalfa ranch at Buttonwillow, twenty-five miles west of Bakersfield, California. She not only cares for the birds herself, but she also oversees the manufacturing of feathers. Recently Mrs. Tracy made the discovery that the bird's hide will tan as beautifully as alligator skin.

How She Came to Do It

WHEN asked how she first became interested in this unique work, she said that her attention was attracted to it by a paragraph on the agricultural page of a newspaper, setting forth the fact that the industry is in its infancy in the United States, and that, although our climate is favorable, we are producing but four per cent. of the feathers required for home consumption. The fact that Kern County has a climate favorable to the requirements of the ostrich led directly to the importation from Arizona of the pair of birds that became the foundation of the Tracy Ostrich Farm.

She thinks no woman can do better than go into ostrich farming.

You Can Buy One for $50

"IT was very difficult to obtain birds when I undertook the work in 1907," Mrs. Tracy remarked. "Now you may be able to buy them for from $50 to $100 each; but then only after corresponding with every ostrich farmer of importance in the United States was I able to find one farmer, in Arizona, who could be induced to part from a pair of eighteen-month chicks for $500. In due time they were shipped in strong crates by express, and they were the first I had ever seen. Ostrich chicks are not downy little things. These weighed 300 pounds each, and the express bill was $55. The birds were nervous, and so was I, and, not knowing what else to do, I kept them for several days in a close building and fed them through a small opening. The time came when they must no longer be treated as prisoners if Kern County's ostrich farm was to flourish, and the birds were set free.

"Young ostriches are fed and cared for much the same as young chickens. It is a pleasant duty to care for a brood of ostriches here where they do so well. The young birds weigh two and three quarter pounds when first hatched (each egg weighs three and a half pounds), and grow about a foot each month until they are as large as the parents. This requires from six to eight months. A mature bird will weigh from 300 to 450 pounds, and stands about eight feet high; but it can reach ten feet when standing erect.

"The male is rather vicious during nesting time; but as soon as the chicks hatch he becomes very docile, and takes full charge of the brood, hovering them by night. The solicitude of the male in making the nest, in disciplining his mate if she does not use it, in taking turns with her during the forty-two days of the incubation period, the care he takes of the little ones, and many other things, are all most fascinating features of the pursuit.

What One Earns at It

"WHEN you consider that it costs only about $10 a year to keep an ostrich (an acre of alfalfa will keep four birds) and that the yield is from $25 to $50 in feathers alone, it is surprising that more people do not engage in the business.

"I consider ostrich farming in this state an ideal occupation for women," Mrs. Tracy says. "The work of incubating and caring for the chicks is both pleasant and interesting, and they need just that attentive, thoughtful care which is woman's nature to bestow. And any woman who enters the ostrich industry for profit will find as much pleasure in watching a brood of these queer-looking, two-toed chicks tumble into the sunshine and begin to grow as she finds in wearing their gorgeous feathers—the only feathers not under the ban."

Keeping House in a Refrigerator

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, the venerable inventor of the telephone, works all summer at his home in Washington, D. C., in an atmosphere of 65 degrees. His study is actually a refrigerator, built on the principle that cold air is heavier than warm air.

"The application I have made of the principle of house refrigeration," says the inventor, "is somewhat crude; but its correctness is absolutely proved. It furnishes a basis upon which a feasible and economical scheme will presently be worked out. Cool your air with some kind of ice stove such as I have, force it into the lower part of your house, stop all leaks, and the answer will be summer comfort in hot countries."

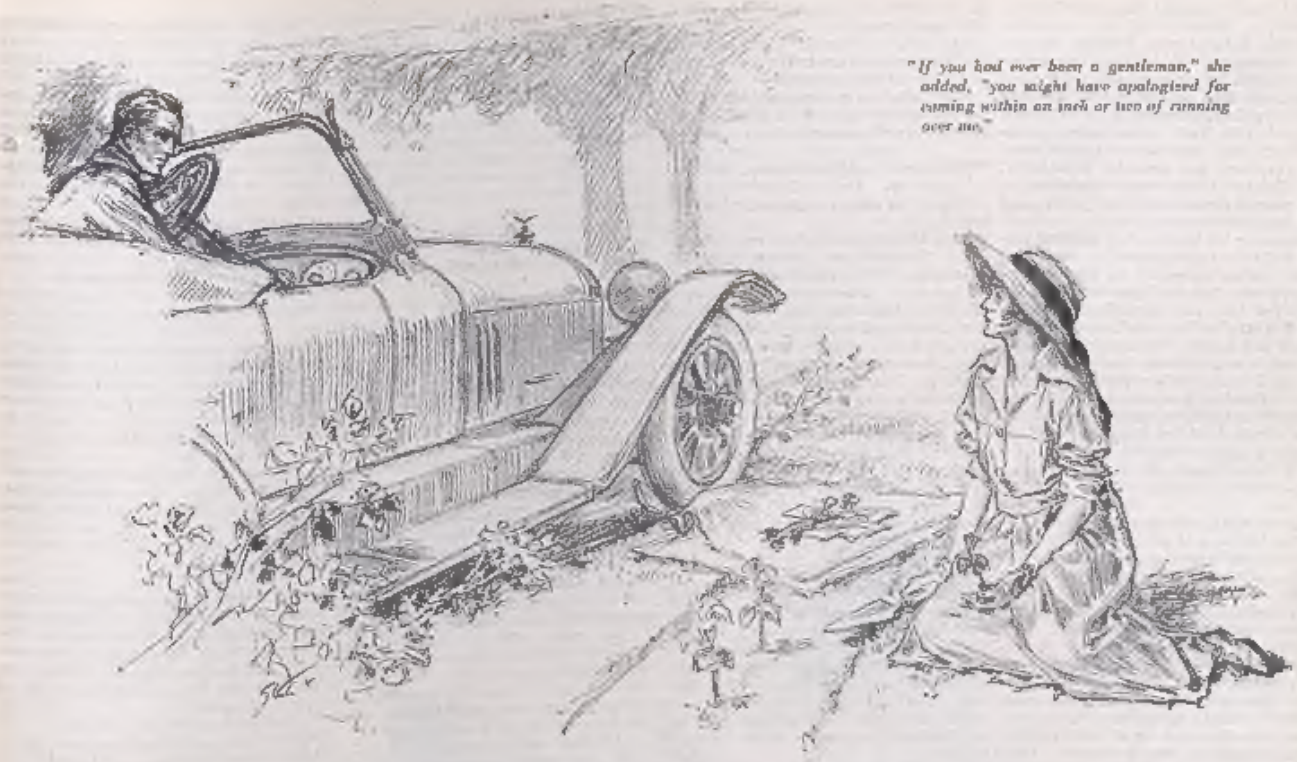
Dr. Bell maintains that there is not a house in the world so built but that scientific principles may be applied to keeping it cool in hot weather. "It is just as easy as filling a bucket with water and having it remain full," he says.

Dr. Bell has a natatorium in the lower part of his house. "This was built to hold water," explained the scientist. "I am now causing it to hold cold air. I run my cold air into it just as I did my water. The cold air displaces the warm air just as the water did, and steadily rises in the tank. There are no apertures through which it can run out. It mixes with the warm air at the top and a bit of it is heated; but this does not take place very fast."

One walks down a flight of steps into the former swimming tank. In the eight feet of descent there is all the effect of a change of climate that would have resulted from climbing 5,000 feet up a mountain. The thermometer shows that the temperature is sixty-five, which, Dr. Bell says, is scientifically regarded as ideal heat. In the middle of the room is a desk, where he works in comfort while the city swelters at ninety.

"This old natatorium," says Dr. Bell, "makes an ideal receptacle into which to pour my cold air. Of course I must find a way to cool the air. This I do by means of an 'ice stove' (of which I am not the inventor). I find that somebody has gone part way toward working out this problem ahead of me. An ice stove is a big icebox from which I lead a pipe into the bottom of my swimming pool. In the pipe I rig a fan. When I start the fan it draws the air through the ice stove, where it is cooled, and forces it into the natatorium. The size of the icebox and the force of the fan may be regulated in accordance with the amount of cold air needed. The principle should be adaptable to all other houses. It would not be surprising if it were worked out in the near future."

They are both named Ellen Terry. The baby is Miss Terry's grandniece, who came down to see her off for England.



"If you had ever been a gentleman," she added, "you might have apologized for coming within an inch or two of running over me."

Two in a Tent

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ON the point at issue the local ordinance was specific. More than that, at the bottom of the bill the Town Council had caused to be placed an enameled signboard, with white letters on a blue ground, so that no educated transient could fail to note the three clauses of warning: speed limit, twenty miles an hour; cut-out prohibited; dangerous curves ahead. On all three counts, then, the defendant was found guilty as charged in the indictment; and thrown upon the mercy of the court, which is public opinion.

His name was Eginton; by birth a gentleman; by profession a lawyer. This last is a damaging admission; for the barrister's oath pledges him to uphold the majesty of Legislatures, and Parliaments, and Town Councils, even to the extent of obeying local ordinances. Eginton, however, was a man who went to the bar with reluctance, and took his vacations like an ordinary citizen. He was young, he was mentally and muscularly alive and healthy; and when, on a fresh June morning, he sat behind the wheel of a capable little roadster, he was more interested in the rush of wind on his cheeks, the warmth of the sun, and the invitation of woods and fields than in the temporary injunctions laid down by enameled signboards.

So Eginton went up the hill at twenty-five miles an hour, and the muffler cut-out was wide open. And as he sped around the last of the dangerous curves upon the tableland, he came sharply upon a grocer's delivery wagon attached to a frightened horse, which had taken to the wrong side of the road, and was bounding up in the foreground on a dead run.

Off to the right was a level plain,—lawn, to be exact,—unencumbered by trees and rocks. That was as much as Eginton had time to observe. He swerved his car to the right, off the road, and the delivery wagon proceeded on its way without let or hindrance. Eginton threw out his clutch, applied his brake, and came to a standstill. And it was at about this period of his life that he first noticed where he was, and what he had done.

The little roadster stood, panting, in a flower bed. The rear wheels had churned a number of excellent plants into unrecognizable conditions, and the front wheels rested comfortably upon a newspaper, which had evidently been unfolded to serve as container for packets of seeds, and sprouts.

A hundred yards distant a very pretty colonial house lay smiling in the sun. Almost within reach of Eginton's hand a very pretty girl in a garden frock also sat in the sun; but she wasn't smiling. She was poising a trowel over a carefully selected location—and if she had planted it for her. Altogether, she was as thoroughly startled a young person as Eginton had recently encountered. Her attitude, her eyes, the instinctive parting of her lips, bore witness to the fact that she hadn't been expecting him.

AT first, and for an appreciable space, they remained motionless, regarding each other in the impersonal, dissociated manner of any two people in an emergency. Following this, they both relaxed slightly; and while Eginton, embarrassed, admiring, was searching for the fit apology, the girl dropped her trowel, dusted her hands, brushed a stray lock of gold-brown hair out of her eyes, and gave her head a quick and spirited little nod of impatience.

"Well!" she said.

"This is awful!" said Eginton ruefully.

"Well, why did you do it?" she demanded. "Can't you control your car? You could have stopped sooner by a mile! You didn't need to *touch* the garden!"

Her voice, in spite of its iciness, was lyric.

"There was a horse on the wrong side of the road," he stammered.

"Yes—you frightened him with your cut-out! And you must have been driving too fast, or you could have stopped in time. And as you came tearing across our flower beds!" Her cheeks were growing pinker and pinker with indignation, and her eyes snapped.

"I didn't even see them. It was a question of getting out of the road; so I got. I'm sorry—"

"It was stupid!" she cried, stamping her foot. Eginton had to grin; for she stamped inadequately into *soft* loam. "It was stupid!"

"Hold on a minute!" said Eginton warmly. "It's all right for you to be angry, of course; but rather than take a chance of smashing up a team in a wagon, I'll take a chance on spoiling anybody's garden! You'd do the same thing yourself. I said I'm sorry."

"If you knew how to run a car, you could have stopped. I suppose it's quite immaterial to you that you almost ran over *me!* Well! Will you kindly back out, with as little additional damage as possible?"

Eginton flushed. "I've told you that I couldn't help it—"

"You could have helped driving so fast, and you could have helped soaring that hill. As a matter of fact, the cut-out was open. Perhaps that was what frightened the horse, and perhaps it wasn't. Anyway, I can't take it back now. I beg your pardon."

"Please!" said the girl, motioning toward the highway.

ACCORDINGLY, and with still further devastation to growing things, Eginton went over the course in reverse. The girl watched him, and winced at the execution of each individual flower. When he had the roadster in its proper environment once more, Eginton dismounted, and went across the seared lawn for the final ceremony.

"Now, then," he began, "how much shall I pay you for this accident?"

"Pay me?"

"Exactly. You see, when people refuse to accept an apology in cases of this kind, they're generally making a memorandum of the number of the car, and all that sort of thing. I'd rather settle it right now."

"You don't need to add insult to your—your incompetence."

"You won't let me pay for the damage?"

"It isn't necessary."

"And you won't accept my apology?"

"For what?"

"Why, for digging up your plants."

THE girl looked at him unconciliatingly.

"I think not," she said at length. She turned, and hesitated. "If you had ever been a gentleman," she added, "you might have apologized for coming within an inch or two of running over me,—you might have apologized for that,—and you might have shown some interest in going down to see if anything happened to the man in the wagon. As it is," she indicated the ravaged flower beds, "your apology for *that* is rather ridiculous!"

Eginton waited unconvinced until she had gained the colonial house and disappeared without a backward glance. Then he sighed, lighted a cigarette, and rejoined his roadster. Twenty minutes later he was shaking hands with the hostess of his house party, and narrating the single adventure of the morning.

At his faithful description of the heroine Mrs. Bostwick was perplexed. "A tall girl," she puzzled. "Very dark, and very lovely—did you notice her eyes?"

"I couldn't do anything else," he admitted.

"Brown? Still there are several colonial houses— Wait! Did you see her do this?" Mrs. Bostwick caught an imaginary lock of hair, replaced it, and gave her head a curious and spirited little nod.

"Absolutely!" said Eginton. "Just like that! Do you know her?"

"Know her!" said his hostess, aghast. "Well—rather! That is the girl I told

you I wanted you to come out here to meet!"

When Egginton was dressing for dinner it occurred to him that this morning he had never expected to see her again, and that now he would probably see her within the hour. And he looked forward with lively anticipation to the meeting. Mrs. Bostwick had found occasion to detail her essential desirability, and Egginton himself was satisfied as to her attractiveness, and her youth, and her engaging disposition.

Recalling his judgment of the first moment of their acquaintance, he confirmed it—in normal moments she would be inspirational. Egginton liked vivacity; he preferred dash and animation to placidity of nature, and he wasn't at all offended by her exit speech. She had inferred that he wasn't a gentleman, and he thought he could prove to her that she was in error. Besides, it was refreshing to find a person so entirely ingenuous and sincere. He decided that if she ever resolved to like a man she would like him very much indeed, and not be afraid to let him know it.

ALTHOUGH he was fully prepared for the second encounter, it arrived with the suddenness of the first. He was talking with one or two of the earlier guests when Mrs. Bostwick, just behind him, spoke his name; and, turning, he beheld the girl of the garden frock.

So far he hadn't visualized her in evening dress, and his amazement might have been flattering to a less prejudiced object of it. Hers was the simplest gown imaginable—a dainty creation of soft apple-green, with little sleeves of white chiffon. She appeared to be not more than nineteen or twenty; but her poise was disconcerting, and her beauty was staggering.

Egginton said something conventional; she replied in kind; the hostess smiled indulgently, and went on, leaving them together.

"Ever since I found out who you are," said Egginton abruptly, "I've been waiting for night to come."

"You found out?" she inquired indifferently.

"Yes—Mrs. Bostwick told me. You wouldn't believe how anxious I've been to see you again."

"Yes?"

"You see—I don't particularly care to be misunderstood—particularly by you."

"Is there any good reason why you shouldn't want to be misunderstood—especially by me?"

He realized that she was intentionally complicating his reparation. "Why, you're a friend of Mrs. Bostwick's," he blundered. "And—"

She laughed infectiously. "My dear Mr. Egginton," she said, "I don't misunderstand you in the least. On the contrary, if I'd happened to be homely and freckled, and not a friend of the Bostwicks, you wouldn't be half so eager to keep on apologizing."

"There's an untenantsol corner—I wish you'd sit down and let me persuade you."

"Of what?"

"My character and attainments. Will you?"

"I know them already."

"Only from this morning," he argued.

"No—Mrs. Bostwick is devoted to you. I've heard an exhaustive biography."

"If you had known who I am," he persisted, "would you have forgiven me this morning?"

She weighed the evidence, and found against him. "I think not. I was perfectly furious, of course. I still think you were most careless. And you never said one word about grazing me—"

"But what can I do?" he asked. "How can I show you that I am sorry? You won't take my word for it. And our social system is mighty deficient in these matters. If we were in the Middle Ages, now, I could go out and unhorse a few knights, or capture a couple of Saracens, and that would be proof—"

"Don't be silly!" she said.

"Miss Graves—"

"My dinner escort seems to be looking for me. You're honored with Mrs. Bostwick, aren't you?"

"At least," he begged, "I may have two or three dances afterward? And perhaps you'll sit out one of them?"

She smiled over her shoulder as her partner carried her off in triumph; but Egginton wasn't reassured by the smile.

"TELL me," said his hostess, "did you make up? Are you friends?"

"I am," he conceded gloomily; "but she isn't."

Mrs. Bostwick eyed him sympathetically. "Eleanor's an unusual girl," she explained. "She either adores you or loathes you. I never saw any one else like her. And after she's once made up her mind about anything, whether it's a man, or a dog, or a new putter, it generally takes an explosion of dynamite to shake it. But she's trying to like you."

"What makes you think so?" he inquired, glancing down the table.

"I telephoned her this afternoon,—it wouldn't have been fair for her to come upon you unexpectedly at my house after your little passage at arms,—and, in strict confidence, she said that all the time she was sorry that such a nice-looking man could be so stupid."

"That's something," he grudged; "but not much."

"She certainly is mercurial," said Mrs. Bostwick. "If you really want her to be friendly, I'm afraid you'll have to hunt the opportunity. The most extraordinary and one of the most delightful things about her is that she always says whatever happens to pop into her mind. If she begins to like you, she'll probably say so. No one ever worries about Eleanor's subtlety."

"I can easily believe that," said Egginton. "But a girl as pretty as she is doesn't need to be subtle. Personally, I'd be willing to look at her indefinitely, without feeling that she had to say anything at all."

"Oh, but she has a mind!"

"I know—but that's largesse!"

"You dance with her," advised the hostess confidentially. "I know how you can dance—you'll do splendidly. And after that she may relent a little. She's much too good a dancer for most of our men, and the comparison won't do you any harm. It'll be all right—and I do want you to like each other."

BUT, in spite of Mrs. Bostwick's prediction, it wasn't all right. It so fell about that later in the evening, before he had ventured to claim the privilege he longed for, Egginton was discussing social ethics with a vividly pink matron interested in small talk.

"Why," said Egginton, "it seems to me that there are so many well bred, congenial people in the world, so many who don't object to exchanging minds with you, that it's an utter waste of time to try to play with those who won't meet you halfway—and as for this metropolitan incivility, I won't grant it a second! I don't believe in chasing boors. I think the only way any one—of course I mean a man—can get along in this present scheme is to make up his mind that he's a pretty decent fellow, and that he's fairly well eligible for almost anything. Then if people won't take him at his own valuation, he's a fool if he loses a minute trying to argue with 'em. Life's too complex for that."

There was a distressing silence, during which Egginton recognized the unpleasant fact that several of the guests had been listening to his exposition. The sound of the orchestra was a welcome relief. Egginton looked for Miss Graves, and discovered that she was one of those within earshot. Mutely he asked her for the dance. She shook her head. Observing that the pink matron had acquired a new listener, Egginton pleaded his cause in person.

"The next one, then?"

"No, not the next one."

"After that?"

The girl replaced a fugitive lock of the gold-brown hair, and shook her head in the characteristic nod of impatience. "Do you think it's consistent with your principles?"

"What?" His perplexity dissolved suddenly. "Why, I didn't mean that for you!" he faltered.

She smiled quickly over her shoulder. A stripling from Andover edged through the crowd, and whisked her away.

"Oh, thunder!" muttered the lawyer.

He was stalking moodily to the smoking-room when Mrs. Bostwick waylaid him.

"Why aren't you dancing?" she asked in astonishment.

"I've sprained my ankle," he lied savagely.

Mrs. Bostwick, who had known him very well almost as long as she had known him at all, put her hand on his arm. "Oh, I'm *sorry!*" she said. "Just go in and smoke—luckily we've two extra men." She squeezed his arm affectionately. "But be sure it's all well by Monday afternoon," she adjured him. "Eleanor's coming over to play tennis with us."

ON Monday afternoon Egginton sat for an hour under the big marquee, and watched Miss Graves demonstrate her skill at tennis. She played remarkably well; so well that no combination of partners at mixed doubles proved satisfactory, for the men were all of equal ability, or disability, and Miss Graves was fully equal to the task of taming any of them.

"I'm really sorry for Eleanor," Mrs. Bostwick confided to Egginton. "She'd be over so much more clever at the game if she only had a chance to practise with better players than she is. Why don't you take her on for a set or two?"

"Ask her," said Egginton.

All the others agreed to an intermission, and Miss Graves was apparently willing to play with Egginton.

"I do hope you play well," she said to him as they strolled out to the court.

"That depends on the standard," he commented dryly.

They had halted at the net. Miss Graves toyed with her racket, and finally looked straight into his eyes.

"Look here!" she said frankly. "You've seen me play—you know about what I can do. If you can beat me, I want you to. I mean—some men try to let a woman win, you know—"

"Don't worry," said Egginton grimly. "This is *tennis!*"

Afterward she said that during that match she saw the ball only when she served. Egginton was a demon in white flannel; he covered an enormous amount of ground; and he possessed the uncanny facility of diagnosing where Miss Graves intended to hit the ball before she herself was quite certain of it.

At the end of the first set, which was a love set, she said as they changed courts, "This time I'm going to get two games!"

"You're not going to get two points!" laughed Egginton; but he was wrong. She got three.

AT the conclusion there was no applause. There was none for Egginton, because he was so immeasurably superior, and there was none for Miss Graves, because she had shone so little. And the majority of those present thought, as spectators in similar matches so often think, that the man was a little unsportsmanlike.

Not so Miss Graves. As she sat on the table in the marquee, and drank lemonade through a straw, she expressed herself as ingenuously as Mrs. Bostwick had prophesied.

"That's the first time in my life," she said in appreciation, "that I ever played against a man who honestly tried to win. I like it. Only we'll never do it again."

"Why not?" he asked, sipping his own lemonade.

"You're too good for me. It isn't fun for either of us. And if you try to be polite, and say the same old thing about the pleasure of playing with me, I'll take back the compliment."

"Then I won't say it. And, strictly between ourselves, I don't remember when I've enjoyed an afternoon so little."

"Why—the same here!" she echoed.

They put down their glasses simultaneously, and smiled together.

"Listen!" she said. "Nobody around here plays much—I can beat all the girls and most of the men, and they talk about it a lot. Some of 'em say I ought to go in for the championship. Now, I don't know; I haven't had a very catholic experience in tennis, and you act like a man who has. Now, honestly, do you think I'd have any chance? Of course I can't play against you; but I mean, how do I stand compared with other women?"

"The truth?"

"Certainly. That's what I asked for."

"I have two girl cousins," said Egginton. "Either of 'em can take one game away from me. Both of 'em played in the championship last year, and both of 'em lost in the first round, and both the women who beat them were beaten three straight in the second round. That's enough of an answer, isn't it?"

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Miss Graves. "Am I as bad as all that?"

"Deliver us from our friends," said Egginton piously. "I've even been told by those who like me that I drive a motor rather well."

"I suppose you do," she admitted thoughtfully.

"What?" said Egginton.

Her cheeks were burning; but she encouraged him bravely. "I measured that place yesterday. I figured out how fast you must have been going. You must have had to give her a lot more gas to get over the little embankment by the side of the road—"

"I did," he verified.

"Well, if you'd put on your brakes much harder than you actually did, you'd have turned turtle."

"I know it."

"So—you might have stopped a few feet sooner, but not enough to keep you out of the garden."

"That's the way I saw it myself."

"And altogether I was very rude to you, and I hope you'll forget it, and let me be as sorry as I want to be."

"My dear girl, you've nothing to be sorry for—"

"Lots of things. One of them is about Saturday night."

"Oh!" said Egginton.

"You're not very much like other people. I thought you'd come and ask me again—I thought you'd explain—"

"I'll explain now," he offered promptly.

"No, it isn't necessary. I found out all about that later. And I was dying to dance with you, too! Do you know why I'm telling you all this? Because you beat me: no, not so much because you beat me as because you played the very best you could. A man who could do a thing like that, and stand what some of those people are probably thinking about you, is all right! That's about all!" She gave him her hand, and he took it gratefully.

"I wanted us to be friends," he said.

"Well, so did I. I gave you every chance in the world, didn't I? I measured that place, and I asked Mrs. Dean what you'd been discussing—"

"But why," he demanded, "should you go to all that trouble?"

"Well—you're a friend of Mrs. Bostwick's—"

"Wait a minute! That's exactly the answer I made to a certain question of yours Saturday night. Don't you remember it?"

Miss Graves looked away. When she returned to him, her eyes were dancing. "I know I'd like you!" she said impulsively. "It's a perfect shame we've wasted so much of your time out here. When are you going back?"

"To-night—late."

"To-night! Why, you *can't!*"

"Why not?" he asked, amused.

"Why, you can't go until Wednesday! Mrs. Bostwick invited you for three days."

"I've been here three days, haven't I?"

"Have you?"

"No, you're right—I've been here approximately twenty minutes. But I'll have to pike along for the city just the same."

Here the hostess sauntered up to them.

and requested a professional opinion on the lemonade.

"Julia," said Miss Graves breathlessly, "he says he's going home to-night! When are you going to ask him up again?"

Mrs. Bostwick surveyed them cheerfully. "Saturday?" she suggested.

"Saturday!" said Miss Graves to Eginton, with a rising inflection.

"Saturday," said Eginton.

OF the three remaining week-ends in June he spent three with the Bostwicks, and of the four in July he spent four. Toward the end of this summer campaign he became accustomed to Mrs. Bostwick's habit of lifting her eyebrows in interrogation each morning.

"I can't make her out at all," he protested to his hostess on the afternoon before her Red Cross garden party. "I know her just as well that first week-end as I do now. We were just as good friends. We don't seem to get anywhere."

"That's very like her—but she thinks a great deal of you, I know."

"I'd never suspect it. I mean, she's precisely as nice, and intelligent, and sweet to me as she is to everybody else."

"I know she admires you, if that's any consolation."

"Not a lot. Personally I admire a good many people who incidentally bore me to death. By the way, she wouldn't tell me what she's going to do to-night; but you will, won't you?"

"Oh, I can't! That wouldn't be fair!"

"I think it would. I know so much about it already."

"For instance—" said Mrs. Bostwick.

"Well, the dancing pavilion is above board—we'll omit that. Then all there is left is booths and tents where the prettiest girls you can find are going to sell us flowers and candy and all sorts of miscellaneous junk at about eleven times the market price."

"Is that all?"

"That's all you've told me."

"There'll be a surprise for you," she assured him. "Take the big tent by the tennis court—there you'll find a one-ring circus. Naturally, the performers want to be disguised."

"Is she in that?" he asked, somewhat appalled. "Well—she rides awfully well—I shouldn't be surprised. Is she?"

Mrs. Bostwick smiled knowingly. "Over by the fountain," she continued, "is a gipsy who'll tell your fortune for a dollar. Naturally you can't know who she is."

"That might be Eleanor—she's clever enough."

"Next to that is the big tent, where there'll be selections from grand opera by a special cast—two performances. I assure you, it will be screamingly funny. Admission will be fifty cents."

"Well, she might even be in that—she sings mighty well."

"You don't know about the solo dancing, either?"

"That's Eleanor!" he exclaimed. "You'd have to have her in that."

"Are you sure? Don't you imagine she'd be better in the Hawaiian tent? Mandolins, and songs? You know, she can play a mandolin. If you want to make sure, you can pay another fifty cents, and look over the Hawaiians."

"How many of these masqueraders are there?" he demanded, aggrieved.

"Oh, about a hundred," said Mrs. Bostwick carelessly. "They thought it would be fun—none of their friends know what shows they're in. So, if you want to find out, you'll have to go the rounds, and give about six dollars apiece to the Red Cross."

"And you mean to say I'll have to spend half the evening hunting her up?"

"If it takes you that long, you don't deserve to find her."

"I'll find her all right," he promised confidently.

But at nine o'clock, when the lawn swarmed with laughing guests, and every booth and tent was crowded to capacity, he hadn't yet found her. One glance at the solo dancers was enough, one bar of grand opera in black-face, one session of the society circus. The Hawaiian minstrels held him for two numbers and an encore, because there was a girl who had possibilities; but after angling for recognition for half an hour he discovered that she wore a wedding ring.

Then it occurred to him that neither Miss Graves nor Mrs. Bostwick had guaranteed that she would be in costume at all; so he squandered thirty precious minutes in accumulating roses and confectionery and hopelessly trivial knickknacks, without once catching sight of the elusive Eleanor.

It was ten o'clock when, weary and disgusted, Eginton found himself near the fountain and the tent of Madam Zuzu, the mysterious palmist of the Nile.

Madam Zuzu, resplendent in robes of red, decorated with the usual insignia of royalty, held forth amid Oriental cushions and hangings. Her paraphernalia consisted of a crystal ball, a black cat tethered to a tent peg by a tire chain, a pack of cards, carefully greased with pure leaf lard, and a choice assortment of charts, each showing the human hand affected by some ailment resembling the plan of a model city. Madam Zuzu, masked, fingled coins on a soap-box, and invited a trial of her skill.

"No, thanks," said Eginton. "After to-night the Red Cross'll have more of my money than I have."

"For the small sum of one dollar," persisted the palmist hoarsely, "Madam Zuzu tells past, present, and future. Advice in business, home affairs, and love. All for the small sum of one dollar. Come in, or Madam Zuzu will haunt you!"

EGINTON laughed dispiritedly, and went in. He crossed the lady's palm with a dollar bill, and presented her with his hand.

"Aha!" said Madam Zuzu. "You are a lawyer!"

"How do you know that?" he wondered.

"The itching palm," she told him, with a terrific croak.

"Go ahead," said Eginton. "Hurry up and tell me about crossing the water, and the long journey, and the money I'm going to get from somebody's will, won't you? I'm sleepy."

"Hurry me as you will," retorted the gipsy pro tem., "you can't hurry the Fates."

She detected a lock of hair in the act of escaping, and imprisoned it.

Eginton sat up and stared.

"I'll tell you," he suggested. "You say you give advice on business and home affairs and—and other things."

"Not—*other things*—to a *lawyer*," she parried.

"Indeed? Then kindly give me my money back. I'm sure you don't want to do that: it's for charity, you know."

"I—what do you seek?"

"I seek information. I want you to read my hand, that's all." She had released it; so he held it out insistently. "Omit the past and the present—let's hear about the future."

Madame Zuzu took his hand reluctantly.

"You will be very happy," she began.

"Jimmy!" exclaimed Miss Graves. "Am I as bad as all that?"

"Please be a little more definite. How shall I be happy?"

"The—the cards fail to say."

"You haven't looked at the cards! What's in my hand?"

"The lines I see—"

"Yes?"

"—are—are contradictory."

"Madam Zuzu," said Eginton gently, "you're a fake!"

She started in amazement.

"I've paid a perfectly good dollar," he told her, "and I want a good reading. Here—you've forgotten my hand."

"I—I can see it quite well from here."

"That isn't professional. There, that's better! Now, if you aren't sure of the future, we'll talk about the present. Please tell me all about myself."

"The lines I see—say that you're—very jolly, and—and kind—and thoughtful—"

"Yes? And beyond that?"

"Why, nothing beyond that—"

"But there must be! You'll have to be very explicit, because, as a matter of fact, I do need that advice. Do you see anything there that looks like a girl coming into my life?"

"There might be—" She was speaking in her own voice now, and it wasn't altogether so sure as he had heard it.

"There *is!* Can you tell me anything about her?"

"She's—she's short—and blonde—"

"Yes?"

"And—blue eyes—"

"Right!" he agreed. "Reversing the oracle, it's a perfect picture of her. Can you decipher her name?"

"N-no."

"Fortunately, I know it myself. Would the lines indicate that she—likes me?"

"I think so."

He breathed in great relief. "That's good! Very much?"

Madam Zuzu's own hand trembled appreciably. "I said—I think so—"

Eginton moved closer to her, and lowered his voice a trifle. "I wonder if you can tell if she knows what I think of her? Can you?"

"She—she might guess."

"How could she guess?"

"Please go away," said the palmist plaintively. "Other people—"

Eginton peered outside the tent, and came back smiling. "Nobody in sight," he reported. This time he sat by Madam Zuzu's side, and took her own hand in his.

"Let me try," he said softly. "I can see these things more clearly than even you. Shall I tell you—from your hand? Then—I see a man—very well. He's twenty-seven years old, blonde, rather tall. If I'm not right, please correct me. He's about to go on a long journey—"

"Where?" she articulated.

"Japan. In September. He may be gone a year. And I can see that he's thinking about you—constantly. He's—he's worried about you. He doesn't understand what you're thinking—and it makes a vast amount of difference to him."

He paused, and Madam Zuzu took his big palm between hers, and scrutinized it in turn.

"This line—do you see it? Do you know what it means?"

"No. What does it mean?"

"That's the life line. You'll have a long, long life, and a happy one."

"Yours is just as long," he said, bending over it. "And does that little wiggle there mean that it'll be happy too?"

"I—hope so."

"Do you know what this curious intersection is? I do."

She shook her head in negation.

"That tells me that you're to be married," said Eginton. "And—you're going on a long journey."

"W-where?" she whispered.

"Japan—for a year—on a wedding trip."

"Are you—sure?"

"It's in the lines. Eleanor! Shall I tell you what else I see?"

"Y-yes."

"I'm going to take your mask off—"

"Oh, no! Please! *Please!*"

"I must!—your hand says so. And, Eleanor, I'm going to kiss you!"

The palmist's head fell back on his arm about her neck, and their lips met.

"Oh!" she said faintly. "I didn't know—it would be like this!"

INSIDE the tent of the soothsayer was silence. The cards lay where they had fallen, in the sequence denoting marriage. The black cat, significant of witchery, complacently observed the magic of romance, and complacently licked its whiskers. The crystal globe reflected lovers in each other's arms.

Altogether there was no need of the chirosophic charts to prove that the Fates are inexorable, and what is to be, will be.

My Hard Life as an Umpire

By BILLY EVANS

FAME and money come to the big league player, but what are the things that come to the umpire? Abuse, pop bottles hurled from the bleachers, and an occasional trip to the hospital—these are his lot. "Kill him!" yells the crowd—and sometimes they almost do it.

IT was one day in 1906 that I journeyed out to the ball park to cover the game for the paper. There was a delay when the time arrived to start the contest. It developed that the umpire had been unable to get to work because of illness. A number of ex-players who happened to be at the game were considered; but the managers could not agree. Finally my name was suggested, and proved acceptable to both managers. I was informed of their decision; but declined with thanks.

The crowd was impatient. It became noised about that I was the only man acceptable to both managers, and that since I refused to work the game would probably be called off. Just when it seemed that I was to escape the ordeal a fan in the bleachers with a decidedly loud voice yelled: "What's the matter—have you lost your nerve?"

That short but trite remark shaped my career. The fan had made me see clear through, and almost as soon as he had finished his remark I assured the rival managers that I would take a chance.

"You couldn't make fifteen dollars any easier," said one of them. That was my first inkling of what the pay was to be. Fifteen dollars for a couple of hours' work—almost as much as I was getting for carrying around the title of sporting editor for a whole week! It made umpiring appeal to me. Attired in the very best clothes I had, I took the field for my début.

THE game was thirteen innings, the visiting team winning 1 to 0. It was a pitchers' battle, with but few close decisions, and I got along famously. The regular umpire was unable to work the following day, and I gathered in fifteen dollars more. My bank-roll was so large that for the first time in my life I felt that a pocketbook was a necessity instead of a luxury.

I managed to get along so well that on the third day I was offered a regular position as umpire at a salary that was decidedly higher than I was receiving as a sporting editor. Needless to say, I accepted. As umpiring had furnished me with the money to purchase a pocketbook, I felt that the only way to keep a roll in it was to keep on umpiring; and I continued to officiate, although there were many times when I seriously doubted my wisdom in accepting the position.

I began my big league career in New York. A crowd of twenty-five thousand was in attendance. When I stepped on the field it seemed that wherever I looked I could see grinning faces. I imagined that all of them were laughing at me, when as a matter of fact I suppose there was scarcely a single person on the field who noticed me. There were too many stars to attract attention for any one to give any time to a poor "busher." But I shall never forget that crowd. I was seeing more people in one day than I had seen in a whole season in the league I came from.

The game went twelve innings, and it required something like two hours and a quarter to play it. To me those two hours seemed like a couple of years. When the game was finished I was more fatigued than I should have been if I had been using a pick and shovel all day, instead of merely saying "Out!" and "Safe!"

"KILL the umpire!" is a favorite expression with a certain element that attends ball games.

Every umpire who has been in the business any length of time can relate numerous hair-breadth escapes, thrilling enough to make excellent plots for melodramas. My experience has been no exception to the rule.

The throwing of pop bottles was at one time a favorite diversion. Whenever the umpire rendered a decision against the home team he could expect an impromptu shower. It was almost necessary, in order to succeed as umpire, for a man to be equally clever at dodging the many things that came his way, and none of which he asked for.

I have dodged a million pop bottles! I have looked toward the sky, after rendering a close decision against the home team, and found it obscured by a regular canopy of pop bottles. I have had them pass just above my head, between my legs, and in fact graze almost every part of my anatomy; but never have I been hit by a missile really intended for me. I did stop a bottle that was intended for somebody else, and that stop almost resulted in the Great Umpire declaring me out.

I WAS working in a game at St. Louis, between the Detroit and the St. Louis clubs in the fall of 1907, when a single umpire presided over the game. A record crowd was in attendance, the gates having been closed an hour before starting time. Detroit at that time was battling hard for the lead. It was late in September, and the winning or losing of a game meant a great deal to the Tigers.

Because of the overflow a hit into the crowd had been agreed on as good for two bases. There was a swinging gate about six feet long out in the left-field fence, about ten feet above the ground, about which I knew nothing. It was used to facilitate the delivery of bottled goods into the park. A wagon could drive up to it in the rear of the park, and slip the wet goods through.

ON the day in question it was extremely hot. Some one in the overflow crowd had discovered the gate, and by opening it found it provided a slight breeze. Up to the fifth inning of the game Detroit led by a run. In that inning Harry Howell, who was pitching for St. Louis, hit a ball into left field. As I followed its course I was surprised to see the opening in the fence. A few minutes before I had had occasion to glance in that direction, and had observed nothing wrong. I afterward learned that the gate had been opened only a few seconds before Howell hit the ball.

It was my bad luck to have the ball pass squarely through the opening. When Howell made the hit I had run toward third base, in order to be able to follow the ball more closely. When it passed through the opening I was about fifteen feet back of third base. Howell paused at second base, and I motioned for him to continue home, with the run that tied up the game.

When the St. Louis fans saw that I had allowed Howell a home run, instead of a two-base hit, they went wild with delight. As he trotted from second to the plate unmolested he was given a great ovation.

THE Detroit team immediately set up the claim that the hit was good for only two bases: a foolish contention; but a lot of the claims that are made on the ball field are not well founded. I was at once surrounded by a group of Tiger players, all talking at the same time.

There is no fairer man in baseball than Hughey Jennings, the famous leader of the Detroit team, and I told that gentleman that the easiest way to settle the argument was to get rid of the players, and the two of us would thresh it out, which he proceeded to do.

"A hit into the crowd is good for only two bases," said Hughey.

"Right you are," I replied, "but this hit didn't go into the crowd. It went over the crowd and out of the grounds."

"But the gate should have been closed," argued Jennings.

"It wasn't," I replied, "the blame for which I will take. When a ball goes out of playing territory, how is it regarded?" I asked.

"A home run, of course," answered Jennings.

In the meantime pop bottles were being thrown from all directions; but few had the force to carry close enough to do any harm.

"Then the argument is settled," I stated. "Let us continue the game. If we don't get away from here, some one will be getting killed."

The next thing I remember was when I came to in the hospital, and inquired what happened. After the nurse had told me in a few words all she was allowed to say about the case she switched the conversation, by asking me who "Kid So-and-so" was. I told her he was a well known player.

"You are not very fond of him?" she asked.

When I told her that I was not very fond of him she told me that I had put him out of the game only four times in the last half-hour.

UMPIRES are human, despite all assertions to the contrary. Apparently a great many people believe that the men who give the decisions on the diamond are composed of some strange substance: possibly mineral, or vegetable, or animal substance, but certainly not a human one.

I once met a young lady who, upon hearing that I was an umpire, seemed greatly surprised to learn that I had a father and mother and a sister and brothers; that I lived in a house, ate real food, was married; in short, that I was a human being able to love and hate, and if stuck with a pin would very likely say "Ouch!" or something worse.

Each day when the umpire steps on the ball field he has eighteen active athletes arrayed against him, as well as two live managers, and an imposing bunch of bench warmers. There is also the crowd to be considered; for as a rule the majority of those present agree with the umpire only when he renders a decision that is in favor of the home team.

Several years ago a very fair-minded fan asked me this rather pertinent question:

"When you go on the ball field where do you try to please, and what effect do the kicks of the players and the ravings of the crowd have on you?"

"When I go on the field I try to satisfy myself," I replied. "I give the plays just as I see them, without fear or favor. When I satisfy myself I feel that I have umpired a good game. Often I leave the game anything but pleased with my work, for I often realize too late that I have erred.

"Frequently I have umpired the very best of ball, and still been severely criticised for rulings that I knew were absolutely correct. If an umpire catered to each player and gave the crowd the slightest consideration in the rendering of decisions, he would be in the madhouse inside of a month. The most pleasant part of a ball game to me is when the last man is retired in the ninth, and the crowd files peacefully out, and no one blames the umpire for the defeat."

IS it hard to make good? Is umpiring as tough a job as most people think? To these questions I would reply that out of a hundred million people in this good old U. S. A. there are just sixteen major league umpires, and there is a constant demand for new officials.

The following story will best illustrate what a "soft" time an umpire has in the minors.

Several years ago an enthusiastic young umpire dropped into my dressing room at the Chicago grounds. He wanted to get a job in a minor league. A few minutes later a well known minor league president dropped in to see me. I introduced the umpire to the president.

"I can use a good umpire," said the president; "but I can't afford to pay much money, as my league is an easy one for the umpires. All you have to do is to satisfy the players, managers, club owners, public, and the press, and you won't have any trouble holding your job."

Following my suggestions, the young umpire declined the job. It was too easy.

"I wouldn't hold down your job for all the money in the world," is an expression that every umpire hears hundreds of times a year.

But most umpires are perfectly content to work for a very small portion of the world's "manna." Most people regard them as a necessary evil. However, I think they are very necessary, and if you ever watched an important game that was umpired by a couple of players, you will agree with me. And most umpires are satisfied with their lot. I am with mine. I hope to be a big leaguer for many years to come. When my sight fails (most fans insist I was born blind) I am going to retire. Nothing doing on the "back to the bushes" stunt. One taste of the tall grass circuit is enough and more than enough.

Who Was Marie Dupont?

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

CHAPTER XIII (Continued)

PRESENTLY Count Szemere began his story. "What do you know of my country—of Rumania? That our Queen, Carmen Sylva, writes verses?" His shoulders lifted slightly. "Truly I think here little else is known of us. Yet we are a nation with a history. But I will not bore you. Only this let me say: that when Prussia sent to us a Hohenzollern to be our King many of our native princes ate the dust of disappointment. Of these princes the chief was Prince Xico of Kemesvar. He was the people's choice for King, and the Powers had promised us a native prince; but the Prussian Bismarck sent the Hohenzollern—and he stayed. Dying, Prince Xico left two sons, Vasilief and Lascar. Vasilief Xico now became head of the house and the master of Kemesvar, and—he chose a bride."

Count Szemere's eyes took on a glint of hatred, the muscles in his jaw set hard.

"She was a woman of Bessarabia, of Tartar blood, low-born. His father would have seen him die a thousand deaths sooner than that the blood of Xico should mingle with such as hers. But the Court at Bukharest lent it all countenance. Whatever estranged the reverence of the people for the house of Xico played into their hands. Prince Lascar said nothing to his brother; but he swore to me, his comrade, that he would not remain to look upon the outrage. Feigning illness, he announced that he would travel to restore his health. It chanced that this plan suited his brother. Some of the jewels of Kemesvar, proudly worn by princesses, had failed to please the low-born Tartar; the stones must be recut in the fashion of the day. In Bukharest was no workman to be trusted: they must be sent to Paris. Since Lascar was to travel, why not to Paris with the jewels? He agreed, and we left for France, taking with us the Cross of Kemesvar."

"The necklace?" asked Amarinth.

"Yes; so it was called—for the cross itself was the chief treasure of the noble house. In earlier days the Hospodars were also bishops of the Church, and it was to a Prince Xico that the necklace and cross were given on his ordination by the Patriarch of Constantinople, the head, as you must know, of the Greek Church."

Again hatred and anger gleamed from Szemere's eyes. "Lascar, my friend, is dead," he exclaimed, "and one I love more than life wastes her youth in faith to me: yet I could almost wish the Cross of Kemesvar were never found if it must lie upon the bosom of the Tartar hag!"

THE mood of violence spent itself swiftly, and presently he went on. "In Paris we lived as men of our age and class, and for such Paris has much to offer; but Lascar soon wearied and talked of Petersburg. I had my reasons for preferring Paris: my betrothed was there. But to remain in Paris the Prince had to be amused. One evening, seeking some new diversion, I chanced to hear of the Purple Pigeon, a theater of Montmartre unknown to me."

He halted, and a tremor ran over him. "It was a fatal night for all concerned," he said grimly; "for there, for the first time, Prince Lascar saw Alix Floria."

"Alix Floria?" Hugh Senior caught up the name. "I've heard of her, I think."

"No doubt. The world heard of her soon after, when she was murdered."

"Who was she?" Guy asked.

"She was a dancer. Ah!"—Szemere pointed an eager finger at Hugh—"you have remembered something! Our stories have had a meeting, is it not?"

"Perhaps," said Hugh. "When did all this happen?"

"In April it will be seven years."

Involuntarily Amarinth glanced at Hugh. The look did not escape Szemere's watchful eye. "I see that already I help you. Will you not help me? Will you not speak also?"

"When you have finished your story," Hugh replied.

"Ah, yes. I will hasten. It is not much more to tell. The Prince went mad about the girl. It was then the question not to stay but to leave Paris. He would not go. Every night we sat in a box at the Purple Pigeon. I dared not leave him. All Paris talked of him and Floria. In the clubs wagers were laid for and against his success."

"Then he was not her lover?" Hugh asked.

"No, never! She was an odd creature, beautiful and very young. Many men were mad for her. One only she loved—the man who killed her. But I go now too fast. One day she heard of the necklace. A newspaper had printed the history of it and that the Prince had brought it to Paris. How this was known I cannot tell—from the jewelers, perhaps. We had got from them designs for the cutting, and sent these to Bukharest that a choice be made, and the necklace waited. Floria wished to see it. The Prince agreed. She wished to wear it to dance. The Prince agreed. Always I tried to persuade him from this madness,—that a dancing girl should wear the Cross of Kemesvar would be a shame to his name. He laughed. No greater shame, he said, than when the Tartar wore it.

"Well, Alix wore it. She had boasted that she would, and Paris watched. The scandal was frightful. A portrait of her with the necklace was shown at the Salon and at once removed. Telegrams came from the King himself ordering us to return to Rumania. All this only drove the Prince to his final madness.

"We were to leave Paris at midnight, and after dining returned to our hotel. He would not go out, Lascar said: it was better that he should not see Alix again. If I wished to go, I was free. He was tired and would sleep. I should have suspected, of course; but I did not. He seemed depressed, changed. I thought he was merely unhappy. I joined my betrothed at the opera, and when I returned he was gone. The following day his body was found in the morgue!"

SZEMERE paused and sank back in his chair. He was very pale, and the muscles of his face twitched.

"What had happened?" Hugh prompted.

"I don't know," Szemere said slowly. "No one knows. The body was discovered at dawn, lying in a ditch by the roadside twenty miles from Paris. He had been stabbed in the heart. The only clue was a piece of fur clutched tightly in one hand. I recognized it as like the fur on a coat that Floria wore."

Amarinth gave a violent start.

The Rumanian sprang to his feet. "What is it?" he cried. "The coat? You know of that? It was never found—that coat!"

Hugh laid his hand on Guy's arm to warn him to be silent. "We shall speak when our turn comes," he said to Szemere quietly, though his face was white.

"You are right. I will make an end. The clue of the fur led to nothing; for Alix Floria was herself found dead in her apartment the same morning. She too had been stabbed. Suspicion for her death pointed directly to a young Frenchman, the man with whom she was said to have come to Paris; but, though the evidence was very strong against him, he was acquitted when tried for the murder. This was due to a doubt that was raised that the body found was that of the dancer. Her maid identified it; but the head

Continues on page 16

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

GUY AMARINTH, very much in love with a young girl of his acquaintance, Marie Dupont, one night persuades her to run away from a ball and marry him. They have hardly concluded this impulsive act when Amarinth discovers to his dismay that his young wife has a very ambiguous past.

From her guardian, Hugh Senior, he learns that Marie's real identity is unknown. Seven years before Senior was motoring early one morning in Paris when he accidentally ran down a girl in the street. He carried her to his aunt's house, and in a day or two she recovered; but she had lost all memory of her life up to the time of the accident. No inquiries could unearth her identity. She was dressed at the time as a Paris working girl; but round her neck was a curious necklace, apparently of paste. Senior and his aunt, feeling responsible for the girl's situation, adopted her and called her Marie Dupont.

Young Amarinth is disagreeably affected by this revelation. Mysterious hints have already come to him that Marie resembles a professional dancer of not too flawless reputation who used to dance in Paris cafés. When Senior shows him the necklace that was found on Marie's neck, Amarinth declares that the stones are genuine.

To decide the question, he takes the necklace to a famous jeweler to be examined. He is startled a little later to receive a telephone message from the jeweler, saying that the firm took the liberty of displaying the necklace in their window, and that it has been claimed by a Rumanian, who swears that it was stolen seven years before in Paris. This Rumanian is Count Egon Szemere. Escorted by the Consul, he arrives at Hugh Senior's house, where he agrees to tell Senior and Guy Amarinth, in strictest confidence, the story of the necklace and why it is absolutely essential that he recover it, as well as the pendant cross which it bore and which is now missing.

"Marie started forward, offering her hand. The Count advanced to meet her. But at the second step he recoiled violently, overturning the tea-tray with a noise of shattering china."

Photograph by the Johnston-Hewitt Studio.

Water is the most valuable accessory a gardener can have to work with. It is the thing that gives liveliness, flexibility, surprise to any scheme of landscape. The Italians have a genius for using it in fountains and waterfalls, or as a background for stone-terraced gardens running down to the sea. In this country some of the best effects are obtained, as in this picture, by simply imitating the natural lakes, and the groves around them.

Every
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Next M
"What The

*This beautiful well
to its placing.
space around it.
gives it a better
than any shrub*

Photograph by Mary H. Northend.

It is better not to try for elaborate effects in a dooryard garden — the best small gardens are the ones with prim, sweet-smelling, brightly colored flowers, the kind that are usually called old-fashioned. Fire-glove and larkspur, sweet verbena and sunflowers stand up there in rows.

Photograph by the Johnston-Hewitt Studio.

There are more bad pergolas than good ones; too often they are the most conspicuous things in the garden. A pergola should have the same relation to a garden that a frame has to a picture. This one is hardly noticeable, except as it emphasizes a particularly beautiful vista.

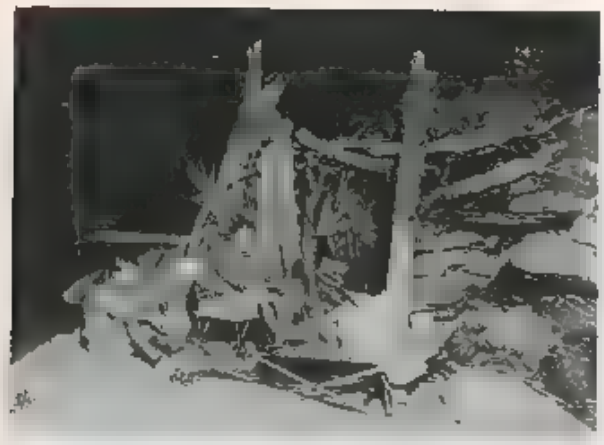
Photograph by
Irwin Carlos Roth

This is the sort of thing that no millionaire's money can buy overnight — it can only be done by time. In October this beech avenue is more brilliant than any flower garden in spring — every leaf is a flower. Fifty years from now it will be at its best.

Photograph by the Johnston-Hewitt Studio.

Only a person with large ideas would be content to use space like this. The whole slope is planted with tulips, daffodils and narcissus beyond that there is no attempt to beautify a landscape of which the natural lines are all flowing, noble, and harmonious.

Kind
arden
ick
Think of Us."



In this cave, the woman who penetrated farther into Africa than did Colonel Roosevelt, waited for two months, not to shoot but to photograph elephants.

You can order your tailor, telephone to your wife, or make a hotel reservation by wireless telephone from some of the fast Eastern trains

Lady Mackenzie Behind the Trigger

LADY GRACE MACKENZIE, explorer and hunter is the reason why the ebony and ivory impressionable folk of the Kandili, the Somitero, the Masai and other important races of British East Africa regard white women with a most healthy respect. They call her, with wondering gravity, "Mem-sahib Picha" the big white woman.

She Holds the Record for Variety of Game

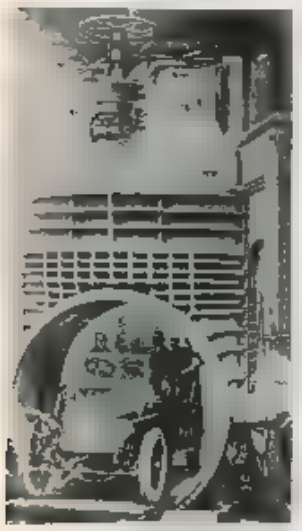
"LADY MAC," who is now talking into a camera in New York after a remarkable twelve-month of big-game shooting was the leading and only lady of an expedition that cost more than $200,000. She has gone farther into the heart of dark old Africa in her search for big game than any white man, not excluding that other strenuous American, Colonel Roosevelt. Moreover she holds the best hunting records that has come out of the expedition for number of pelts and tusks, but for variety of game brought down. And here let it be said, for the exploitation of the more tender-hearted, that the modern Diana limits primarily with her camera. She aims to kill only one of each kind of animal, after that she kills only for food or in self-defense. Two expert motion-picture photographers were a part of her escort.

Lady Mackenzie landed at Mombasa with her big guns, ammunition, and camping supplies, her photographers, secretary and three sportsman friends of some African experience. They went inland three hundred miles by two-only railroad British East Africa boasts to Nairobi, where several native hunters, porters, and three hundred black boys were picked up. The photograph shows the cave in the Marsabit desert where Lady Mackenzie and her friends spent two months waiting for certain influential elephants to come and be photographed. It was near a popular water hole where the elephants were due to arrive on one of their pre-rainy-season tours.

Big-game hunting is the hardest kind of hard work. There are the dangerous nuisances of heat, insects, reptiles, and fever which are quite as exhausting as the more thrilling danger from the favourite quarry, and be it certain need that no two specimens of big game ever act alike. Also there is no little safety spot where it is against the rules for any living thing to touch you. Once your presence rouses the king of the jungle or any of his subjects, one of two things is bound to happen: either you stand your ground and kill him, or as they say in Swahili the universal African night-cap is for you "kwaheri"—good-by. As chance would have it, there was the wounded lion that missed Lady Mac by the uncomfortable margin of six inches.

"He had started for me, but a few feet away was distracted by the sight of one of my hunters who had started to run. The blood from the beast's wounded shoulder splashed my blouse as he passed me. Hope the huntress sighed thoughtfully [illegible] was go to, go to done for," she said, "and it was a very good blouse."

Don a pair of overalls, let your big brother's coupons and horses work is no longer a back-breaking task. The freedom from skirts will be a marvelous change to the one who has not tried it.



The great white protector here has an opening that is big enough for an automobile to drive through.

Telephoning from Flying Trains

WHILE the Lackawanna express was roaring through the night a few weeks ago fragments of a wireless telephone conversation carried over sixty miles distant were recorded on the wireless instrument in the train. Later an experiment took place in which conversation from the flying train was successfully held with a wireless station in Bridgeport, New York, seventy-six miles away. The voice was heard clearly and distinctly at both ends.

Keep in Touch with Your Office While Dashing Away from It

ALTHOUGH the train-board wireless telephone was intended primarily for the exchange of train orders, as one will soon be extended to the traveling public by means of an ingenious re-transmitting device at the land station conversation will be relayed to the wires of regional telephone system. Thus, a business man can talk comfortably to his wife who is remaining aware her or away from heat as a sixty-miles-an-hour rip he can conduct business, or order his limousine or a sweep to meet the train.

The apparatus that supplies electric current for operating the wireless telephone is located in the baggage-car ahead the telephone is in a small booth at the end of the smoking car. It resembles the ordinary wall-telephone, but is nearly as simple. Wireless telephone conversation does not work a hardship upon the user. A small button is pressed down for talking and released for listening.

$500 a Year from Candles

NEAR Portland, Maine, out on the Cape Elizabeth shore, lives a young woman who earns over $500 every season by making bayberry candles. In this section of New England the bayberry is found at its best and it is not hard work to gather the berries. By working from early summer until near Thanksgiving the young woman has enough candles on hand before Christmas to supply the home markets, and to export many.

It takes a quart of berries to make a candle. In a large preserving kettle two quarts of water are poured over one quart of the berries. This rule is carried out in the same proportions for any amount of berries. The mixture is boiled constantly for four hours, and when the water falls more than three inches below the rim of the kettle it is filled again with hot water. After four hours please the fats are on the back of the stove and let simmer two hours longer. Then place is where it will keep hot but right take off and let stand until morning, when the dipping is done.

She sells them in a pale green box the same shade as the candles, each box containing two and selling for fifty cents. An appropriate verse goes with each and this handmade gift makes an unusual Christmas present, besides adding considerably to the candle maker's income.

Before the days of suffragettes the bayberry candle was made at home. It is a good job for Maine girls still.

"Bob, who do you suppose I ran across in the Fitz-William palm room the other night?"

Torchy Tackles a Short Circuit

By SEWELL FORD

THERE was [illegible] the fact [illegible] was in Dutch with Mr. Robert— [illegible] pull [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a green strawb'ry on top of a bakery shortcake.

Three days I'd had of [illegible] round you, with never a chaw to put in any defense or plead guilty but sorry, or anything like that. And me all the time hoping it would wear off. I expect it would too, if some one could have throttled Billy Hennes. [illegible] happened long ago. [illegible] [illegible] all through the [illegible]

MAYBE you don't remember [illegible] [illegible] polo club friend of Mr. Robert's who [illegible] [illegible] shown [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] real folksy.

[illegible] of the [illegible] for Mr. Robert [illegible] [illegible] report [illegible] and other signs of [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] a few [illegible] [illegible] you suppose I ran across in the Fitz-William palm room the other night?"

"A [illegible] [illegible]" says Mr. Robert.

"[illegible]" says Billy. [illegible] guess.

"One of your front row friends from the Winter Garden?" asks Mr. Robert. [illegible]

"Not a friend of mine," says Billy. "The [illegible] [illegible] so nutty over—Miss Hampton. Eh, Bob? How about it?" With which he reaches over playful [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] The Billy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"The [illegible] you [illegible]" comes back Billy. "Anyway she wasn't as grouchy about it as you are. Say, she's all right. Miss Hampton is a heap too nice for a big ham like you, as I always said."

"Yes, I believe I recall your hinting as much," says Mr. Robert, "but if you don't mind, I'd rather not discuss—"

"You'd better, though," says Billy. "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you'd probably [illegible] up enough. As it was she asked me to pass on the word. Eh, Bob?"

"Well [illegible]" "S'long. See you [illegible] afterward and [illegible] tell me all about."

He [illegible] over his shoulder as he [illegible] [illegible] the desk [illegible] [illegible]

AND the next thing I know I'm gettin' [illegible] look-over from behind keen eyes of Mr. Robert's. "You heard, I suppose?" says he.

"[illegible]" says I, sort of husky.

"And I presume you understand just what that means?" he goes on. [illegible] [illegible]

"Well," says I, "why not stand pat? Send a flower to a young lady ain't any penal offense, is it?"

"As a simple statement of an abstract proposition," says Mr. Robert, "that is quite correct; but in this instance the situation is somewhat more complicated. As [illegible] I find it [illegible] awkward position."

"That's [illegible]" says I. [illegible] them."

Mr. Robert shakes his head. "I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of your experience [illegible] perhaps would be different. [illegible] [illegible] experience."

[illegible]

"A [illegible] call [illegible] Miss [illegible] about four [illegible]"

[illegible] Mr. Robert [illegible] [illegible] day when he goes to look up an old girl of his is about the frankest performance he'd [illegible]

I don't know when [illegible] with a worse case of the fidgets, either. Why, you'd 'most think he was due to answer a charge of breakin' and enterin'. [illegible] [illegible]

BUT at four-thirty we went. It wa'n't any joy ride we had, either. All the way up Mr. Robert sits there filling the limousine with gloom thick enough to slice. I tried chirkin' him up with a few frivolous side remarks [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"[illegible]" suggests [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] says he. "However [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]"

"What's the program, anyway?" says [illegible] [illegible] "Do [illegible] for [illegible] or do I?"

"Hanged if I know," he almost groans out. "[illegible]"

"Then let's stick around outside in the corridor [illegible]" says I, "until we frame up something. Now how would it [illegible]?"

"You're to explain, that's all," says he, steppin' up and pushing the [illegible].

[illegible] a wonder too, from the panicky way [illegible] he don't shove me ahead of [illegible] as we goes in. But he has just enough courage left to let me trail [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] all graceful [illegible]

I [illegible] [illegible] again [illegible] [illegible]

"Ah, Robert!" says she. "So good of you to—"

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Robert adds. "A young friend of mine [illegible]" [illegible] eyebrow [illegible] [illegible] happened to get the roses."

"Really!" says she. "How considerate of you."

[illegible] if Mr. Robert [illegible] so much like a poor prune [illegible] that line right there. But on he blunders.

"[illegible]" says he. "I've asked Torchy to explain for me."

"[illegible]" says she, [illegible] though [illegible] from one to the other of us. "Then [illegible] [illegible]"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dull [illegible]

"[illegible]" [illegible] gasps [illegible]

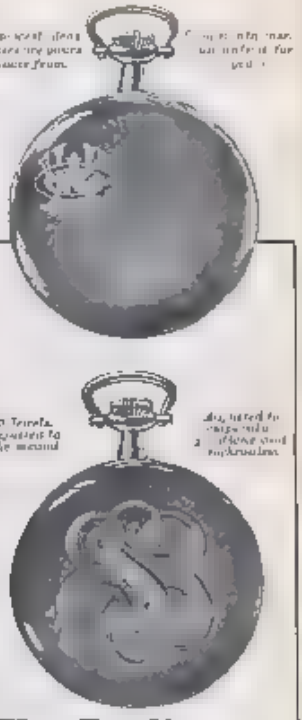
"Thank [illegible]," says she. "[illegible] sure. And now [illegible] hear what your young friend has to say all by himself?"

She even springs another [illegible] suggestive at the door. I expects [illegible] but one glimpse of Mr. Robert's face and

More Submarine Warfare

The Wigs of Opera Singers

A Bridge Built with Telegraph Wire



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Here ends this instalment of

Who Was Marie Dupont?

Continued from page 9

d that recognition of the face was Adnet o
ian who swore that they h
alive after the body was found
"The theory that was accepted generally by the public was that the body was not Floria's, but one brought from the dissecting rooms of the School of Medi
it had been mutilated o
portion. This grew from that he assumed was a surgeon is no doubt that the body was The most we urged at the trial
y of another lover not she

"I disappeared th
heard of again un

I have pl
Your seer

COUNT SIZE
have proof

but
asked. "Would
the matter would

ll be seven years
the necklace de
remember he date"
eloquent gesture
It was the twenty-
an dancer—how old was she?"
seventeen, perhaps
resemble her?"
" said the Roumanian after
surpri
small and an complexion dark, beautiful
clone
"Who was her

of a
rather of
perhaps. Her dancing

Did she speak F
"Oh certainly
may have been French. Artists of the stage often call themselves foreign to excite interest."
man who was tried for her mur
"you said he had
I spoke of him as

her Count. "He
brought her to Paris
of her than any other. But I saw them together, and for him she had a glance
has no other man had from her. Bu

which she lived about three
walk that morning. Two persons testified to that, but they saw him from the house opposite, and not near enough to take out his face in the dim light. They recognized his walk, they said."

"And the people who thought they saw her at or the body was found—where did they see her?"

Scanlon reflected. "One in London—in
k, some weeks la er. But the
saved. Renoir was the tenant of the ground floor of Floria's house. She said she was awakened by the crying of her
c
She did not see her face, as the turned in the opposite direction but she recognized the coat she wore
black coat, with collar and cuffs
This coat, as I have said, was never
the hand
When I
ioned this before I a d that it

Hugh sa
me get your facts fir
woman did not see
who let

But she said
I

stories proved nothing."

"In your opinion the dead body was of the dancer?"

"I have no doubt whatever of it."

"Then who do you think was the woman seen leaving the house?"

"I think no one was seen. The woman who said so was a patient of Renoir," the Count gave a shrug. "He was
corte with women."

"But where was he, he said the girl, asked H

"In the country at her home. F
tress had given her a holiday
helped Renoir also, for it suggested t
Floria had wished to have the girl out of the way for some purpose of her own. Now, gentlemen, I have told you everything. It is my turn to listen

HE Ord looked at Guy, but the young man only gazed back dumbf
"Is it
Count explained
trusted you?"

"It is not that I do not trust you, Hugh replied, "but I think it will be better to tell what I have to tell
my library. I have there something with to show you as evidence."

"Ah, indeed," said the Count eagerly

"It is now four o'clock," Hugh continued. "Will you pardon me?"

He took up the telephone receiver, called his house, and asked for Miss Marie. While he waited he was conscious of Amarinth's sharp breathing at his elbow

"Yes, it's Hugh," he said, as the girl answered. "Mr Amarinth will be

"Let him see her. It's the only way. You want to know, don't you?"

God! I've got to know!" said Amarinth.

CHAPTER XIV

MRS. THORLEY had awakened with a severe headache, and had kept to her bed. It was afternoon when the door opened and Marie Dupont came in

"They will be here in a few minutes," she announced nervously

? Well, my dear, if he's
e reassurance was not

But he never drinks it. Neither does Guy. I don't know why, but it struck me as odd."

"What exactly did Hugh say?" Mrs. Thorley demanded, and Marie told her

"He was joking

"It didn't sound that w

"Oh, well, if Guy's coming your troubles are over. Now go and make yourself lovely for your future lord and mast
serves it since he has decided to
like a man after a

Marie stopped. Then you thought he

"Yes, frankly I did. That was why I didn't want him to be told."

"You think he need never have known

"You could have told him after you married. Your hold would have been stronger then."

The girl turned away again. Before her as rose the face of Guy Amarinth as she had seen it just flushed and a
picious, almost hostile.

"Did you
Mr Roger Gavock from

pened. I didn't, but I
I am told. He
unfortunate marriage when he
y young, and has never let
His wife turned out to hav

ever again." I shall simply
to have a sleeping powder. I may
a drug fiend as a martyr."

But Marie

side the bed until convinced tha
valid was comfortably settled for sleep and then, she brought out a question

"Mr Gavock's wife—afterward."

"Oh Heaven knows"

DIRECTING the servant who admitted them to tell Marie that they had arrived, Hugh Scanlon led the way back to the library. The waning afternoon light filled the room dimly.

The drive uptown had been all but speechless, and over and over again Hugh challenged his judgment in deciding

s story were true,
ying the confusion t

come as a shock to him; and a shock, the specialists had agreed, was the one thing short of an operation that might restore
he risk was great. The
shock might do more harm t
ball

told me to bring
pel a short space
a light, quick footfall in
nt Marie Dupont

stepped swiftly forward. he certain knowledge of her approach an instinctive prompting that he could not resist had thrust him between her and the set he had himself deliberately prepared for her. For the moment ly screened her from Scanlon's eyes, and in that moment, as he looked down at her, it seemed to him that never before had he fully known that he loved her. Every familiar detail of her loveliness seemed to spring into sharp relief and as his eyes met hers, dark-rimmed and anxious, yet bravely lifted, he would have given all he possessed for the right to push her from the room, from the sight of the two who menaced her happiness.

He knew that the two men had come to

but there at his back. He knew that Scanlon had stepped forward, he must have observed as far as the table where the tea things stood—now he was waiting—
ing—

"Did graham bring the tea?"

The light question restored Hugh's wavering self-control. instantly his manly impulse receded and with a word of assent he stepped aside and turned

NEITHER Amarinth nor Hugh mo
Their eyes sped from Scanlon to girl and back again. The Roumanian
irl
with a sort of puzzled wonder; t
started forward with a little
young
her
the
to
AD

finds. A moment she looked at him with a sort of puzzled wonder; t
started forward with a little

self! By force of will and the po
of years of service in a diplomatic
d given him, he swept his countenance clear of all emotion, and when he spoke his voice betrayed nothing more than his words expressed.

regret, plainly that I have been awkward. Mademoiselle—I should say Miss." He paused inquiringly. "I have not understood the

"Miss Dupont," said Hugh.

"Ah, yes—Dupont! As I say, I regret infinitely—"

"It was nothing—nothing th
easily repaired," she assured
politely. "Here's Graham now

II
scripted shock had missed
on him. Nothing was to be

know by Graham,
over his shoulder as he crossed and

he told himself as he strode after
Count

was hurrying toward the b
what she must be suffering in anxiety and

surprised stare from
knees among the remains
of the tea service, he turned back
ruptly and entered the study

To be continued next week

The Richest Club in America

THE Bankers' Club of America, whose governors are trustees for $2,000,000,000, has taken a slice off the top of the biggest office building in the world for its new quarters.

The slice, which consists of the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh floors and the roof of the new Equitable Building, will occupy 100,000 square feet, or the equivalent of an entire 400-room hotel.

A dozen factories are now being kept busy making and assembling the furnishings needed to make the bankers comfortable. Their midday bite will be served on china more expensive than has ever been put into any club, and upon a scale just three times larger than that employed in any of the great luncheon clubs in New York's financial district. The restaurant will accommodate 1,200 persons *à la carte* in one and a half hours a day.

Henry J. Davison, decorator, will allow up there nothing in the least unpleasant to any of the five senses in the club's new quarters. There will be no drafts, no squeaks, no less comfortable chairs, and best of all no appreciable difference in time between any banker's expressed desire and its fulfilment.

This is one way to look at the richest club in America—it will occupy 100,000 square feet in the big white building that looms up behind Trinity Church spire.

He Holds the Track-Walking Record

IF Manuel K. Silva, a Portuguese employee of the Southern Pacific Company, had not given up his position as watcher of one of the big snowsheds near the summit of the Sierras, he would have made a track-walking record of 223,110 miles by July 1. As it is, he is content to rest upon his laurels as the track walker with the longest mileage to his credit of any man in this country, probably in the world. Silva's record, when he recently left his arduous job and was placed upon the company's pension list, was 203,379 miles.

Fighting Fire and Snow

THE snowsheds of the Central Pacific division of the Southern Pacific are in the raw, cold, forbidding skyland country of Emigrant Gap, one of the high passes of the snowy Sierras. The sheds are over forty miles in length, covering a most tortuous track, which winds its way up to the summit near the bleak little station of Cisco. They are subject to destruction by two merciless fates that constantly menace them,—fire and snow. Often great sections of them have been swept away by avalanches in winter, and during the summer forest fires have swooped down upon them or sparks from locomotives have set them ablaze. Silva had a night shift. It was his job to see that three miles of shed remained clear for the passage of trains, and if there was a fire that he could handle his duty was to extinguish it. If he could not do so, he was to signal for the ever ready fire crew sleeping in its train on the sidetrack near the summit.

Desperate Battles with Tramps

LANTERN in hand and with ever watchful eye, Silva made three round trips every night over his three-mile beat, or eighteen miles, and he did this every night for thirty-one years. Cold and dark were but a small part of his nightly hardships. Many a time he fought desperate battles with tramps and still more desperate ones with fire. The weight of heavy snows crushed in the sheds, and thrice he was buried in them; but always the next night he was on hand with his lit tle lantern, ready to do his duty without complaint and without any great hope of reward. Nor did the company in its turn make complaint of Silva; for only twice was he absent from his post, and that because of sickness.

An altitude of over 6,000 feet is not a pleasant one to work in year in and year out, and besides that Silva was always in a dense mass of smoke from passing engines. A Pullman passenger's experience in traveling through the sheds is bad enough; but think of working in them constantly for thirty-one years, in the half-suffocating smoke and the penetrating cold of that heart-urging altitude! Surely Manuel Silva has earned his pension.

He has walked more miles of track than any other man in the world.

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No one thinks of leaving poisons within reach of little children—except fly poisons. Yet fly poisons kill more children than all other poisons combined.

We quote from an editorial in the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society:

> "From the first of July to October 15, the press of a few States reported 47 cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons."

These children were all under six years of age. The poisoning was caused by swallowing the liquid covering poison fly paper or by sucking the poisoned and sweetened wicks protruding from tin boxes. The editorial suggests that a large number of cases of such poisoning probably escaped recognition because:

> "—it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for even an experienced physician to distinguish a case of arsenical poisoning from cholera infantum, the symptoms being so similar. How many children have been poisoned from these fly poisons, amid the deaths ascribed to cholera infantum, can never be known."

Mothers who have intuitively avoided fly poisons, now have their good judgment complimented by these actual facts. The danger is even greater than most of them knew.

> "Arsenical fly destroying devices are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. *There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies*, and fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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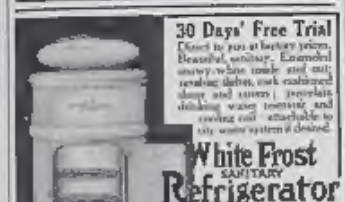

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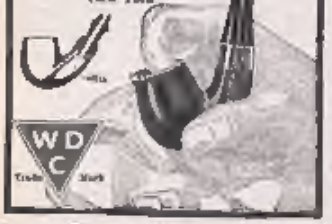

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Insured Against Oblivion

FORTY-THREE years ago Colonel Edwin C. Manning bought a great tract of land in Kansas for six dollars. Of course he bought it from the Indians—they're the cheapest people to buy land from. Then the Colonel surveyed his land himself and laid it out as a town site, "with the main street at right angles with the world." The present town of Winfield, with a population of ten thousand, is the result.

Having made the town by hand, as it were, Colonel Manning wants to be quite sure that future generations will never forget his achievement, which gave them the opportunity of being born in Winfield. To keep alive his memory, he has had a tomb hewn from the solid rock in the cliffs above the town. Here he will watch silently over the interests of Winfield until the rocks shall open. And no man shall pass by his tomb unknowingly, for the far-sighted Colonel has provided a fund of one thousand dollars by which, after his death, the American flag will float forever above him. That this may not be neglected and the rock tomb of

Photograph by Charles Phillips Cushing

Winfield's founder remain unmarked, the interest of the fund is to be paid to some self-supporting student of the Southwestern College (Winfield), whose duty it will be to keep the flag floating and to patch the tomb if it begins to fall to ruin.

What more could the Colonel have done?

The Bankers' Plan for Doubling Your Income

IF you are twenty-two years old and are earning $20 a week, the American Bankers' Association can tell you how to double your income by the time you are fifty.

Can You Save $5 a Week?

"THIS is not a get-rich-quick scheme," say the bankers. Indeed it is not! Reasonable, regular saving, proper use of a safe savings bank, and conservative investment covering a period of twenty-eight years—and the trick is done.

The bankers ask you, first, if you can save $5 a week out of your income—a quarter of what you earn. If you can, and will follow directions, the thing for you to do is to hunt up a savings bank that is vouched for by the Superintendent of Banks of your State (his office is at the State capital) and which pays as much as 4 per cent. interest on deposits.

Put your first $5 in the savings bank and get a pass-book; every week thereafter put another $5 in the bank and have it credited in your pass-book. In six months you will have $130 in the bank, and then that $130 will begin to earn interest. At the end of the first year you will have another $130, plus $2.60 interest earned by the first $130—a total of $262.60.

Resist the impulse to draw your savings for four years. If you begin to take this bankers' prescription for depleted income at the age of twenty-two, you will be ready to make your first investment at the age of twenty-six—a good time to get married. With $1,123.89 to your credit, why not?

Invest in Real Estate

AT this interesting crisis consult the cashier of the savings bank; tell him you want to take out of the bank $1,000 and invest it in a safe real estate mortgage paying 6 per cent. interest. He can tell you in five minutes where to go to get the investment and how to make it.

So, at the beginning of the fifth year, you look forward to saving in the next six months—what? First, the regular $5 a week, or $130; second, six months' interest at 4 per cent. on $123.89 (the amount you have left after drawing out the $1,000, which will come to $2.46; and, third, $30 interest earned by the real estate mortgage. Here is a total of $162.46. Add the $123.89 left in the bank after drawing out the $1,000, and your total is $286.35. By the end of the fifth year this sum will have increased to $452.08—nearly half enough to buy another $1,000 mortgage.

According to the bankers, you will buy your second $1,000 mortgage at the end of the seventh year—after which time interest earnings on your two mortgages and on your bank deposits will amount to more than half of what you save every week out of your regular income.

Of course, under these circumstances, you will soon arrive at the point where you can buy $1,000 mortgages with greater frequency. If you stick to the plan for twenty-five years, you will have on hand fourteen mortgages, plus a bank deposit of $761.33. Every six months thereafter you can buy one more $1,000 mortgage by using accumulated interest and the regular savings of $5 a week.

"Nothing to Worry About"

ON your fiftieth birthday (assuming you started on your twenty-second), you will own $17,000 in 6 per cent. mortgages and have in the bank $779.22. Perhaps you will want a rest from saving? Very well; figure your income at that time from your capital: 6 per cent. a year on $17,000 is $1,020; add 4 per cent. a year on $779.22—that is $31.17. Your yearly income is $1,051.17, or $20.21 a week.

Here you will face a grave dilemma—whether to retire and live on your income, or go on working and saving? My idea of nothing to worry about!

—*J. M. Oskison*

Flowers that Are Good Enough to Eat

APPLE blossoms and peach blossoms look good enough to eat, but the pineapple goes them one better—it is good enough to eat: for the pineapple is a solidified blossom.

It is pineapple blossom time in Hawaii from June to October, and seven thousand acres are given over to the cultivation of this fruit. When one realizes that it takes a pineapple ten months to mature, and that one plant bears only four pineapples in its lifetime of three years, one has a good deal of respect for Hawaii, which exported a million cases of canned pineapple and one hundred thousand cases of the juice last year. The combined value of this product, $3,500,000, was beaten only by the sugar crop.

Pineapples are planted in three ways—for raw shipment, for canning, and for juice. If big, perfect specimens of the fruit are desired, about five thousand plants are set to the acre. The uniform, smaller disks that one gets at with the aid of the can opener are the result of closer planting, while the planter who desires simply juice sets his plants out closer still.

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Corns Are Out-of-Date

They Indicate Methods Which Are Obsolete Now

Folks who have corns are folks who pare them, or use liquids, or some other old-time treatment—ways not up-to-date.

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Why Do I Come Back Tired from My Vacation?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

Each week Dr. Bowers will answer the most interesting question he receives.

A YOUNG business woman writes that she "always comes back from vacation stiff, sore, and tired out." Why?

In order to derive the maximum benefit from a vacation, one should go into training for it. To plunge from an office chair into tennis, cross-country walks, is to invite muscle trouble.

This could be entirely avoided if those contemplating a sojourn of unwonted activity would prepare for the ordeal by getting flabby muscles into shape.

On rising in the morning take two or three minutes for deep breathing, inhaling and exhaling slowly a dozen or more times by the open window. Then work the kinks out of the system. Start with bending exercises—forward, keeping the knees stiff; then backward; then sideways. Follow this with twisting the body to the fullest possible extent, holding the arms at right angles. Then squat on the heels, and rise quickly to full height half a dozen or more times.

To develop more "wind power" walk up and down stairs a few times, holding the trunk erect, and the chest well out.

Walk to work, if possible. If it is not practicable to walk all the way, walk part way and ride the remainder, gradually increasing the distance as the muscles become accustomed to the work.

It is safe to say that the increased ability to enjoy physical exertion will result in the adoption of these easily performed exercises as permanent aids to maintaining a robust physique. In any event, the stiffness and soreness following a vacation will be completely and effectually removed.

She's Having Her Evening Shampoo

THIS is a recently captured sea-cow getting fussed over. In the picture she is having her evening shampoo, or, in less polite words, a day's accumulation of various things that have settled on her back are being scraped off with a long-handled brush.

Possibly the careful attention to these little refinements of life will reconcile this 600-pound mammal to be rather unsentimental life in the New York Aquarium and make her forget her tropical home in the waters of the Indian lagoons off the eastern coast of Florida.

She has no front teeth nor hip-bones, and a huge beaver-like tail takes the place of hind legs. Her favorite meal is composed of eel-grass and lettuce.

The Biggest Locomotive

THE largest locomotive in the world was recently completed by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Erie Railroad, and after having been tried out by it was carried to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, where it is now on exhibition. This, the "Centipede" locomotive, has twenty-four driving wheels of sixty-three inches diameter. The operating mechanisms are all coupled, so that the engine can be operated as readily and with as little labor as a single locomotive.

The coal is fed to the firebox by a mechanical stoker, so that the fireman simply sits in the cab and operates a lever, and the coal is automatically carried into it, the firebox. This locomotive will consume so much coal that it would be impossible for a single fireman to supply fuel without the aid of some such mechanical device.

This giant locomotive is 105 feet long, weighs 853,000 pounds, has a tank capacity of 10,000 gallons, and a coal capacity of sixteen tons. It is capable of hauling 600 cars, which would make a train four and three-quarter miles long. It is so powerful that it cannot be used for pulling ordinary freight trains, even the biggest, on level roads.

If you fastened this locomotive to one of the great freight trains and started it, it would pull apart the couplings and ruin the "draft gear" of the train.

If your mouth contains tooth-destroying acids this condition may easily be corrected by your dentist and the daily use of

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Listerine, besides being mildly acid, has great antiseptic properties lacking in fruit acids, and is very economical.

After the teeth are brushed they should be thoroughly rinsed with diluted Listerine. It retards decay and sweetens the mouth and destroys a healthy condition.

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In this dish you have all the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked, combined with the most luscious product of the American garden—a combination that quickly eliminates all the poisons that come from food follies, giving a mental buoyancy and muscular vim that make you fit for the day's work. A toothsome treat beyond compare.

It is the shredding process that put the "eat" in whole wheat

For breakfast heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and serve with milk or cream. Deliciously nourishing and wholesome for any meal in combination with berries or fresh fruit of all kinds. Prepare the berries as for ordinary serving and pour them over the Biscuit, adding milk or cream and sugar.

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